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MEMORIAL

OF

EDWARD S. COLWELL.

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1881
CITY OF WASHINGTON

Headquarters, Haskin's Division, 22d Army Corps,

Department of Washington, March 8, 1864.

Orders:

With feelings of the deepest sorrow, the Commanding Officer of this Division announces the decease of Lieutenant Edward S. Colwell, Acting Inspector of Artillery, at three o'clock this afternoon.

The gentlemanly deportment of the deceased had endeared him to all who knew him. His industry and judgment, as manifested in all the positions he was called upon to fill, give the most convincing evidences of his value as an officer, and his worth as a man. A modest, unobtrusive gentleman, he illustrated, young as he was, in the highest degree, all the noble characteristics of the true Christian. His loss to the service will be truly felt, and his untimely death will be deeply mourned.

The officers at these headquarters will wear the appropriate badge of mourning for thirty days, in respect to his memory.

By order of Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Haskin.

R. Chandler,

A. A. G.

Official:

Headquarters First Brigade, Haskin's Division,
22d Army Corps, Fort Bunker Hill, D. C., March 9, 1864.

Orders:

It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of a comrade and fellow-soldier, First Lieutenant Edward S. Colwell. He died at three o'clock last evening, from injuries received by a fall from his horse, in Washington, the day previous.

Lieutenant Colwell entered the service as Second Lieutenant of Captain Paul T. Jones's Independent Battery, at Fort Delaware, in December, 1861; he joined this regiment by the transfer of that battery in November, 1862; was soon after made First Lieutenant, and early last summer was appointed to the Staff of the Division Commander.

His military career was distinguished for the uniform blending of courtesy with devotion, cheerful promptitude with earnest industry, quick perception with sound judgment.

To those who knew him, his best eulogy is the impression which he has left upon their hearts; to those who do not, it is not in words to convey the beauty and worth of his character, and the bright promise of his usefulness so suddenly closed.

By this melancholy event his friends and the regiment sustain a loss that is measured only by the sorrow which it creates. Honor the memory of the Christian soldier, faithful to his country and his God.

II. All duty, not necessary to discipline, is suspended in the Brigade for the day, and the flags will be at half-mast until sunset.

III. The officers of the Second Pennsylvania Artillery are respectfully invited to meet at regimental headquarters, at 10½ o'clock this morning, for measures of respect to the deceased.

By command of Col. A. A. Gibson, U. S. A.

(Signed) Benj. F. Winger,
Lieut. A. A. A. Genl.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Edward S. Colwell was born in Philadelphia, on the 12th of April, 1841. His early years were marked by that mildness of temper and gentle firmness which were shown in all his after-life. The expression of these virtues was so visible in his face as to give increased attraction to a countenance otherwise remarkably winning. He was noticed from his earliest school-days for his diligence and exact attention to duty, and for unusual self-reliance and perseverance. He seldom asked assistance in the performance of his tasks, seeming to feel that what he had to do must be done by himself.

He entered the Classical Institute of the Rev. Dr. Coleman, in 1852, and pursued for six years the studies, usual at his age, and preparatory to entering College in an advanced class.

His inclination then led him to prefer a course of studies adapted specially to the pursuits of business. In 1858, he entered the Polytechnic College of Philadelphia, with the view of devoting himself to mathematics, chemistry, and drawing as applied to the arts, and to studies pertaining to mechanics, to skill in civil engineering and mining. During the period of his continuance in these, his application was of the most incessant and unwearying character. His diary, only seen since his decease, affords proof that for weeks in succession, the greater part of his nights was spent in his preparations. His disposition thoroughly to master all he

undertook made him extremely painstaking. It is well known that owing to his diffidence, he never did justice to his attainments in reciting that which he was so unwearied in acquiring.

In 1860, he left the Polytechnic School, favorably impressed with the utility of its course of instruction, and the thoroughness of the attainments made by its students. He completed his course of studies in that Institution, and received its diploma.

From his seventeenth year his mind had been seriously affected on the subject of religion; these impressions increased in depth and earnestness, until in his twentieth year they resulted in his making a public profession of his faith in Christ, in the Central Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, of which the Rev. Henry S. Clarke, D.D., recently deceased, was then pastor, and who was much gratified by the evidence of piety which his conversation evinced, and by his full preparation for this important step. The entries in his diary, during the remainder of his life, happily furnish abundant proof that he neither forsook nor forgot that profession, but constantly and prayerfully struggled to maintain the walk and conversation of a Christian man. He often laments his deficiencies, examines himself with severe scrutiny, renews good resolutions, and asks for heavenly aid to keep them. The prevalent and strongest desire of his life was to be useful,—more and more useful. His consistent and firm Christian conduct made a distinct impression upon all who were familiar with and around him.

In June, 1860, he went to Plymouth Iron Works in Conshohocken, to acquire a knowledge of the business in the various branches there carried on, and soon evinced a capacity to comprehend all the processes of manufacture, which drew from the conductor the most unqualified testimony in his favor. His industry and attention to every duty with which he was intrusted gave the most entire satisfaction. In less than a year he so fully qualified

himself to conduct a furnace, that the next year after he entered the army, one who well knew his fitness asked him to take charge of a blast furnace on the Schuylkill, with tempting prospective advantages. He declined, on the ground that if it was right to enter the army at the beginning, it was right to remain in it until the end of the contest.

At the close of the year 1861, he was offered by a friend the commission of Lieutenant in a company of heavy artillery then forming, which, without looking for a higher rank, believing it to be the duty of young men when called upon, to render military service in the great emergency of the country, after obtaining the full consent of his parents, he accepted. This company was afterwards attached to the Second Artillery Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Colonel A. A. Gibson, in command at Fort Delaware. This post was then as it still is a receptacle of rebel prisoners. The position of officers having such duties to perform is trying and irksome, and during much of the time whilst he was there, it was, owing to the great disproportion between the size of the garrison and the numbers of the prisoners, not a little dangerous, requiring on the part of Colonel Gibson and all his officers, great vigilance and the utmost military precaution. How Lieutenant Colwell performed his duties will be seen in the accompanying letter of Colonel Gibson. The position was for him one of severe self-denial by the deprivation of many privileges, literary, social, and religious, to which he had been accustomed, besides being his first prolonged absence from home. However much this was felt, it was not known to detract in any way from his faithful observance of every duty. He devoted himself earnestly to the acquirement of a full knowledge of all the military details pertaining to his position, and to preparing himself for any and every duty with which he might be charged. Colonel Gibson, finding

that many of the young officers of his garrison were willing to learn, devoted such portions of time as could be spared for the purpose, to regular military instruction. Of this teaching by an accomplished officer of the regular army educated at West Point, these youthful soldiers availed themselves to their great advantage.

The society on the island out of the fort consisted of but a few families. Lieutenant Colwell found among these some friends who will lament his untimely departure as deeply as any of the many he found in his absence from home. He united with these and others in every attempt made whilst he was at Fort Delaware to secure the establishment of regular religious services at the fort, as, during his stay there, the post was without a chaplain.

In November, 1862, his regiment was transferred to Fort Lincoln, one of the many defences erected for the protection of Washington. This fort is on a beautiful eminence near the railway to Baltimore, and was felt to be a pleasant and healthful change from the damp soil on which Fort Delaware stands. But to one who went into the army to be actively useful, garrison life in any fort, seems a waste of time and energy. Lieutenant Colwell was not however long suffered to remain in performance of mere garrison duty. Haskin's division of the Twenty-second Army Corps, to which his regiment now belonged, consisted of about ten thousand men. In such an army the enforcement of discipline and the punishment of offences against it became a part of the daily routine. Courts-martial were in constant session in Washington. He was detached for duty as Judge Advocate in one of these courts, and, for about four months of 1863, was constantly engaged in this service, riding in and out from Fort Lincoln, about four miles to Washington, daily. This was an arduous and responsible duty, involving much thought and attention, and a vast amount of writing. His long continuance in this position attests his per-

formance of its duties to have been satisfactory. It is known that he was weary of this incessant application to a service not specially acceptable, but it is not known that he slighted or neglected it on any occasion. The Commander of the division, Lieutenant-Colonel Haskin, of the Regular Army, in July, 1863, applied for him as Acting Inspector of Artillery for the forts and batteries, north of the Potomac. Of these, there are nearly thirty within a range of three or four miles from Washington. It became his duty to visit these defences as often as once a month, unless other duties interfered, to inspect the drill and appearance of the artillerists, and note the condition of every gun, as well as that of the ammunition, shells, balls, and all missiles belonging to the ordnance at each post, and to make report of his inspection, exhibiting every important deficiency, irregularity, and failure of duty. Also to be present at all experimental firing, and make a note of the results with a diagram of the course or effect of each ball or shell after it struck the target or the embankment.

He continued in this service for eight months until the unhappy event which terminated his life. On the 7th March, 1864, in mounting his horse, the animal threw himself entirely over backward so quickly as to cast him violently to the ground, the back of his head striking first. The blow produced concussion of the brain, and his consciousness never fully returned. He lived about twenty-two hours, and expired in the presence of his parents, who arrived at his bedside three hours previous to his departure.

In addition to the general order which precedes this notice, the Commander of the division thus speaks of the deceased in a private letter:

"Headquarters, Haskin's Division,
Twenty-second Army Corps, Department of
Washington, March 17th, 1864.

. . . . . "Shortly after he joined this command, my attention was called to him by his manly and prompt execution of his duties, both with his company and on courts-martial. . . . . I applied for him as Artillery Inspector of this command, in which capacity he had been with me since the 13th of July last. Nearly the whole time he has boarded in the same house with my family and myself. I have had a good opportunity to know him well, and I can justly say, I never served with a more upright, honorable, and attentive officer. His moral character was unimpeachable. I believe he was a sincere Christian, and for so young a man I never saw one so modest and retiring, who made so many sincere friends as he did while with me.

"From his office as Inspector, which required him to report all irregularities, it was but natural that some should speak disparagingly of him. I never heard a word against him, on the contrary many officers of this command have voluntarily spoken to me in praise of him both as an officer and a gentleman.

"Although the streets were very muddy when the body was taken to the depot, an unusually large attendance of officers were present, and walked (three miles) to the depot as mourners. As for my own family, my wife and daughters had the highest respect, esteem, and friendship for him, and have deeply mourned his death. The officers of my office mourn the loss of an agreeable, accomplished, and highly esteemed companion. As for myself, I never had the death of a friend affect me more deeply, and his memory will be cherished as much as that of a brother. . . .

"J. A. Haskin."

It is only just to mention before closing this sketch, that the deceased was remarked for other qualities than those already noted.

He was economical, regular, systematic, and careful. His papers exhibit a full account of his expenses since he was sixteen years of age, since which time he kept a diary, in which the entries almost daily note not only what concerned himself and his feelings, but public events, such as the progress of the city in its growth and improvements. His letters, during his connection with the army, and occasional absences before he entered it, amount to nearly three hundred, addressed chiefly to his mother. The letters addressed to him were carefully wrapped up and indorsed, as indeed all his other papers. If he had foreknown the hour of his departure, he could scarcely have left his papers in better condition. His pay was only that of a Lieutenant, with some allowance for his advanced position, yet he saved a considerable proportion, and had a deposit account with a banker in Washington.

In his absences from his post on furlough, which were few and short, he carefully arranged all his affairs, all his property, and effects, as if for final absence. Among these were the carefully preserved gifts from his boyhood. He has thus left behind him memorials of his childhood, youth, and manhood, so numerous and touching in their character and careful preservation, as to make his care in this respect very rare.

His whole demeanor in life was so quiet, unobtrusive and undemonstrative, that he could only be well known to those whose opportunities brought them in contact with him in the performance of his daily duties.

His religion was not manifested in acts which could be observed and noted, but was inwrought and compact with his quiet life, which was so consistent with true godliness, purity, and devotion

to the Saviour, as to be observed by all who saw much of him. His diary, however, contains frequent mention of his religious experience, his struggles, his self-distrust, which was a prevailing sentiment with him, and affords abundant evidence that the subject of his peace with God was ever present with him. The religious books he read are so marked as to show conclusively the nature of his feelings and the prevailing bent of his mind. Taking the whole together, they leave not a doubt as to his being a true child of God through faith in Jesus Christ, whose follower he was, with few infirmities in thought, in word, or in deed.

Fort Bunker Hill, D. C., March 17, 1864.

Stephen Colwell, Esq.,
1031 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

My dear Sir: You ask of me recollections of your son. It is seldom that a request admits of such pleasure in the execution, and still more seldom that the subject itself inspires eulogy in proportion to its consonance with truth.

My acquaintance with Lieutenant Colwell began at Fort Delaware, when he reported for duty in Captain Jones's Battery. I remember well my first impressions of him, formed from his quiet demeanor and silent reserve, on account of which there was no clue for any opinion as to his real merits and worth. He was passive, unobtrusive, and of polished modesty. The next thing that I noticed was his steady industry, as shown in the tiresome, and, to the novice, the perplexing task of "making out muster rolls," wherein his patience was a constant coefficient of his labor. He was as serene as a Stoic, and imperturbable as an automaton. Soon after, the officers recited to me in tactics. I was struck by his ready answers, and clear comprehension of them. At posts of duty he turned up promptly to the calls, and with the ubiquity of an apparition. With an insufficient command, the prisoners, now beginning to be numerically imposing, tasked the resources of us all, and burdened us with constant apprehension. It was soon in

current repute that Lieutenant Colwell was the most efficient officer of the guard at the post, the meaning of which those only can understand who were there at the time. His vigilance, firmness, tact and intelligence, necessary to this duty, would have distinguished an officer of thorough training. In addition to his routine duties he was called upon to take charge of the review of the prisoner's correspondence, and to submit what might be objectionable to transmission. This alone was a large work, to which he devoted the spare moments day and night while on guard, as well as at other hours; but nothing escaped his eye, and the soundness of his judgment and thorough perception, assured my confidence in every paper that bore his signature of revision. Once or twice he was appointed Judge Advocate of courts-martial, in which I assisted him, and in which he became an adept as by intuition, and after he left Fort Delaware, he established a reputation in my brigade, and in Washington, for acuteness and intelligence in this branch of duty. Doing whatever he did from principle, well-regulated habits of thought and industry, directing a mind gifted with faculties so compensated and counterpoised that accuracy was always the result, it is not strange that, young as he was, and unused to a profession in which science expends itself to attain perfection, he should rapidly become efficient in his grade, and be appreciated accordingly. As he was at Fort Delaware, so was he here, but with this difference, that he so improved his advantages and enriched his experience, as greatly to enlarge his usefulness and increase the weight of his influence. He became daily more and more necessary to the service, and few men under corresponding circumstances had fairer promises of advancement.

How often have I heard others say in reference to him, what I said myself, "I never was more mistaken in a man in my life." Like a book, he was not to be judged by external appearance. The

conclusion which I formed of him, in due time was precisely what every one else formed of him when they knew him. His conduct was always so well regulated, his conscientiousness was so apparent, his prudence so uniform, his firmness so constant, his deportment so proper, his self-control so complete, that he held but one place in individual estimation. His strength of character was revealed in gentleness, which in others is often revealed by the harsh attributes of defiant will. He was naturally what man may become by cultivation and the subduing influences of time. He won the hearts of all in proportion to intimacy of association.

It comes to my recollection that when I gave the reluctant assent to his assignment to duty on the staff of the Division Commander, I told him I did so upon the understanding that it was not to be a first step out of the regiment. Alas, for us all, how has it proved?

The emotion, to which I was witness, of Colonel Haskin, and his allusion to the distressing event, outspoken from high appreciation and personal attachment, are the truest and best comment upon your son as an officer and companion.

All that I have said, or can say, flows into this summing up of his life,—*he did his duty.*

I love most to go back and linger upon those first days when we lived in rooms adjoining, with the door opening into both, making our quarters almost common, and thereby our life, wherein the leading feature was sociability, relieved of the checks of military restraint, with all the charms of harmonious mutual trust. That trust I know was still mutual when, for the last time, I shook hands with him, a day or two before his death. And *can* it be that he is gone!

May the assurance of Him who gave to you your son, that he is not dead, but sleepeth until the reveille, when we shall all

rise and fall in together, some in the front rank and some in the rear rank, and hear the loved answer to their names, assuage your grief and cheer the hope of meeting him, which brightens as the break of day approaches. What I say to you I say to *his mother*.

I am, my dear sir,

With very great regard,

Your sincere friend,

A. A. Gibson,

Col. 2d Art. P. V.

From the proceedings of a meeting of the officers of the Second Pennsylvania Artillery, assembled at Regimental Headquarters, Fort Bunker Hill, D. C., March 9, 1864, in pursuance of Col. Gibson's orders of that date.

On motion, the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt (Chaplain) took the chair, and Lieutenant Thomas H. Mumford was appointed Secretary. On motion, Major Thomas Wilhelm, Captain Edward Rowand, and Lieutenant J. Norris were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions expressive of the regret felt in the loss sustained by the death of Lieutenant Edward S. Colwell, a brother officer; which were presented and adopted unanimously, as follows:

Resolved, The remark, that "Heaven loves to gather to itself the lovely," is seldom more forcibly brought to mind than in the sudden and unexpected removal of Lieutenant Edward S. Colwell from friends mortal, to join friends immortal in the light and love of eternity. If, in the light of Him who searches the heart, Lieutenant Colwell ever lacked one thing, that thing was supplied by Him who giveth liberally to the needy. In the eyes of men he presented a character in which there was nothing wanting. In him was daily seen progression from strength to strength and a cultivation and exhibition of love to truth for truth's sake, and devotion to every duty from a love of duty, and a regard to the rights of all from a love of right; so that he joyfully, faithfully, wisely, winningly rendered to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, and to God the things that were God's.

Resolved, That on hearing of the death of our deceased friend

and comrade, and since that time, we can and do truly express our feelings in the words of Montgomery:

> "Our hearts grew cold, they felt not then,
> When shall they cease to feel again?"

Our consolation must be found in resignation to God, and our profit in emulating and in remembering the virtue of our friend.

Resolved, That our sympathies be extended to the parents and family of the deceased, with the assurance that while we mourn with them their loss, we also rejoice with them in the privilege of mourning over one worthy of those tears and sighs that know no regret nor shame.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of the deceased, and that these proceedings be published in the "Philadelphia Inquirer" and "National Intelligencer."

THOMAS P. HUNT,
Chaplain 2d Artillery, P. V., Presiding.

THOMAS H. MUMFORD,
Second Lieutenant 2d Artillery, P. V., Secretary.

Headquarters Battery D, 2d Artillery, P. V.,
1st Brigade, Haskin's Division, 22d Army Corps,
Fort Bunker Hill, D. C., March 10, 1864.

Mr. Wm. S. P.,

Superintendent Male Sabbath School, Central Presbyterian Church, Phila.

Dear Sir: A few days since our beloved friend and fellow teacher, Edward S. Colwell, met with an accident, which has terminated his usefulness here on earth, as a living example of all that was lovely, pure, and holy.

In the death of Lieutenant Colwell we all mourn the loss of a most excellent officer. As a gentleman and Christian, exemplary in the highest degree, his worth was soon discovered, and he was placed in a high and responsible position, where the loveliness of his character shone far and wide, and "none spoke of him but to praise," and felt proud that they could say they knew Lieutenant Colwell. Our appreciation of him as an officer and gentleman, is better expressed in the order from division headquarters, and in the resolutions adopted by the officers of this regiment, both of which you will see in the "Inquirer."

But you and our fellow teachers are called upon to mourn his loss in another character, that of a faithful, zealous, Sabbath-school teacher, in which we were looking forward to the time when this war should be over, and "the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook," and he in the midst of one of those forms, doing good as he had opportunity. But it has pleased God to take him into His heavenly kingdom, and thus disappoint our hopes of his future usefulness. We must

bow in humble submission to His will, believing that "He doeth all things well," and thank Him that we had the love and companionship of our young friend so long, and that in his life and example he has plainly said, "Be ye also followers of Christ."

He and I entered the army about the same time. We have most of the time been in the same command, and I have had opportunity to see that of which I write.

We paid our last respect to his memory by following in procession his remains from Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, to the railroad depot, thus officially showing our appreciation for him.

Desiring to mingle my sorrow with yours and our fellow teachers, I shall, on Sunday morning, at the hour of your meeting, ask God to sanctify this affliction unto us, for the good of our souls.

Requesting an interest in your prayers, I remain

Sincerely yours,

NICHOLAS BAGGS,

Captain 2d Artillery P. V., Commanding Battery D.

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL,

ON MARCH 12, 1864,

BY THE REV. H. A. BOARDMAN, D.D.

THE REMAINS WERE INTERRED AT LAUREL HILL.

A scene like this suggests two very different trains of thought, according as it is contemplated from one or another point of view. In one of its aspects, it points directly to the revolting character of the war in which we are engaged. There, in the fulness of his manly strength and beauty, shrouded for the sepulchre, lies Edward Colwell. And all over the land, in every city, and village, and hamlet, the spectacle we witness is repeated; "the beauty of Israel is slain upon our high places," and groups of mourners are following them to the tomb. The flower of our youth are falling by tens of thousands, and we may read in the costly sacrifices it is exacting, the essential wickedness, the monstrous criminality, of that rebellion which is seeking the overthrow of our wise and beneficent Government.

But you will not care to follow this train of reflection. Let me turn to one more befitting the sad occasion which has called us together.

Having known Edward Colwell from his childhood, I may be permitted to say, that he was worthy of all the respect which can

be paid to his memory. Reared within the shelter of a refined Christian home, he was, in a remarkable degree, free from the infirmities and faults which are common among boys. Intelligent, modest, affectionate, gentle, he was also conscientious, firm of purpose, and resolute in maintaining his convictions. As a son and brother, he filled his allotted sphere in a manner which left little or nothing to be desired; the ties which bound him to this household circle gained new strength and tenderness every day. It was a fine stock upon which to graft religion. And when the dew of Divine grace came down upon him, and his well-balanced character was transfused with the influence of true religion, it seemed to supply all that was wanting to fit him for any service which might await him.

Little could he have anticipated what that service was to be. He had no predilection for a military life; on the contrary, he had a positive distaste for it. But the basis of his character was Christian principle. It was not impulse, not passion, not ambition, to which he gave his ear, but DUTY. "What is the voice of duty? What will GOD have me to do?" This had come to be the controlling element of his life, and this it was which took him into the army. When the summons came, he tore himself from the home where he had been so fondly cherished, and laid himself upon his country's altar, to live or to die in her defence, as his Heavenly Father might appoint.

This transition is more than most men can bear. The camp and the garrison have proved a "burning, fiery furnace" to Christian character. You will have known instances in which professedly religious men have come out of this furnace sadly dwarfed and enfeebled in their piety, if not fatally demoralized. But here is a young man who walked up and down amidst the flames, without having even the smell of fire to pass upon him. It is the signal

honor of Edward Colwell that he never compromised his Christianity. In daily contact with seductions which were fatal to the virtue of too many others, he preserved his purity and rectitude inviolate. He made no parade of his religion, but it so pervaded his life that the gayest of his comrades paid willing homage to it. "He would sometimes *look* at us," said one of them, "in a way which we felt more keenly than we should a sharp reprimand from any one else." Young as he was, the soundness of his judgment, his prudence, his fidelity to every trust, and his uniform courtesy, commended him to the esteem and confidence of his superior officers; and at each of the points where he was stationed, they assigned him to positions above his years, and above his rank. His sudden death gave form and expression to the high estimation in which he was held. Upwards of eighty of his brother officers, many of them his superiors, assembled spontaneously to escort the remains of the young Lieutenant to the depot; and the commander of the post paid him a just and affecting tribute, which met the cordial response of all to whom it was addressed. In his comprehensive and beautiful "Order," Col. Haskins says: "The gentlemanly deportment of the deceased had endeared him to all who knew him. His industry and judgment, as manifested in all the positions he was called upon to fill, give the most convincing evidences of his value as an officer, and his worth as a man. A modest, unobtrusive gentleman, he illustrated, young as he was, in the highest degree, all the noble characteristics of the true Christian. His loss to the service will be truly felt, and his untimely death will be deeply mourned."

And now, as we are about to commit the remains of this beloved young soldier to the grave, what remains but that we open our hearts to the monitory lessons of this dispensation. We need not assure these stricken parents of our sympathy. Sad enough is the

breach that death has made in their domestic circle, and deep are the shadows that gather around them to-day. But it is not all dark. The radiance of the "better country" falls upon this scene. God has mingled unspeakable mercy with their trial. If we listen, we can hear the Master's voice saying to them, "Thy son, thy brother, shall rise again!" Yes, my afflicted friends, He who is the Resurrection and the Life, will guard that sleeping dust, and, in the end, he will be restored to you. May His Almighty arm sustain, and His blessed Spirit comfort and sanctify you.

And these young men, the friends and fellow-soldiers of EDWARD COLWELL, there is just one lesson here for you. The single thought which soothes these sorrowing parents, the thought which fills your hearts too, is that he was a Christian. When we stand and look upon the dead, every question dwindles into insignificance but this. Be it your care, then, to take his Saviour for your Saviour, and his God for your God. You will all have read the life of that noble and gallant young officer, Hedley Vicars. Lying in the trenches before Sebastopol, one night, he discovered a column of the enemy approaching. As they drew near, he sprang forward, shouting, "Men of the Ninety-seventh, follow me!" And leaping from the parapet, waving his sword over his head, again he cried, "*This* way, Ninety-seventh!" and instantly he fell to rise no more. It was his last order: "Follow me!" "This way!" And if those sealed lips could speak, you might hear COLWELL cry, "Men of the Second, FOLLOW ME!" "THIS WAY, SECOND!" Yes, follow *him*. Take the "*way*" that he and Vicars trod. It is the way to the Cross, the way to pardon, and peace and holiness; the way to victory over death and hell; the way to the city which hath foundations, and the land whose sun never goes down!

OBITUARY.

The following is from "The Presbyterian" of the 26th of March, 1864.

Died, in Washington, District of Columbia, on the 8th inst., Lieutenant Edward S. Colwell (Second Artillery, Pennsylvania Volunteers), son of Stephen and Sarah R. Colwell, of Philadelphia, in his twenty-third year.

While bowing in meek submission to the will of our heavenly Father, we strive in vain to uncover the mystery of his dealings. His hand of love mingles ingredients of bitterness, which even the confidence of faith receives with a shudder, and which no consolation can wholly extract or cover. The sudden casualty, which has brought to his grave the beloved subject of this notice, is more than usually distressing. In the official order of the Commander of the Division whose Aid he was, announcing his death to his companions in arms, he is spoken of in the following terms:

"The gentlemanly deportment of the deceased had endeared him to all who knew him. His industry and judgment, as manifested in all the positions he was called upon to fill, gave the most convincing evidences of his value as an officer, and his worth as a man. A modest, unobtrusive gentleman, he illustrated, young as he was, in the highest degree, all the noble characteristics of the true Christian. His loss to the service will be truly felt, and his untimely death will be deeply mourned."

He possessed a character unusually symmetrical and well-

balanced. Gentle and affectionate, a dutiful son, a loving brother, a warm-hearted friend and genial companion, he was scrupulously attentive from childhood to the demands of every position in which he was placed. Courteous in his attentions to all, he was unobtrusive and rather reserved in the expression of his feelings. Of a firm resolution and elevated purpose, diligent, manly, and upright, and remarkably free from youthful follies and frivolities, he was never known to disobey authority, to refuse wise counsel, or to give a moment's pain or uneasiness to those who loved him best. He was always remarkably domestic in his habits, the endearments of home having more attractions for him than anything else, though he was not insensible to the claims and attractions of society. And when religious impressions, made upon him in his seventeenth year, had ripened into the joys of a Christian hope, and the devotion of a Christian life, he seemed to be all that the fondest parents or his dearest friends could desire. The excitement of military life never changed the simplicity of his feelings, nor his yearning for home. His letters from the army were constant, and of the most affectionate description. He entered the army from a conscientious persuasion that it was his duty to decline no sacrifices, not even that of life, if the safety and welfare of his country required it. The service to which he was assigned, Inspector of Artillery for the defences of Washington, north of the Potomac, and Aid of the Commander of that division, though a responsible one for so young an officer, did not call him into the field, which he often regretted, not from love of adventure, but from the desire to be useful, and to be actively employed. Occasions, however, were not wanting to try his courage and resolution, which never failed him in any emergency. Though not impetuous, he was brave, calm and collected, and shrank from no peril which the faithful discharge of duty involved.

He had entered upon his third year of military service, and was anticipating, with a keen relish, the time when he could forsake the excitement of arms for the enjoyments of home and the employments of peaceful life. These hopes and prospects were suddenly darkened. In the effort to mount a horse, occasionally vicious, he was, though a skilful rider, thrown violently to the ground, and never regained his consciousness. Prompt medical attention was given, and every effort made for his restoration, but in vain. His parents were summoned, and arrived to see him breathe a few hours, and then pass away to his rest. Once the voice of his mother succeeded in wakening a response. It would have been an unspeakable satisfaction to surviving friends, if his consciousness could have been granted him, and he could have repeated, in prospect of death, that he possessed, and was sustained by the hope which animated him in life. But the uniform testimony of all around him of the consistency of his Christian walk, his conscientious discharge of every Christian duty, regardless of adverse influences, and his unflinching adherence to the principles which he espoused, give assurance that the temptations which surround a soldier, instead of lowering the power of godliness, served to build up his Christian character, and imparted new firmness and stability. Though death came suddenly and unawares, it found him not unprepared. It was the speedier summons to his victory and reward.

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